

PITTSFIELD
HIGH
SCHOOL

No. 4

THE
STUDENT'S
PEN



MAY 1968

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PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

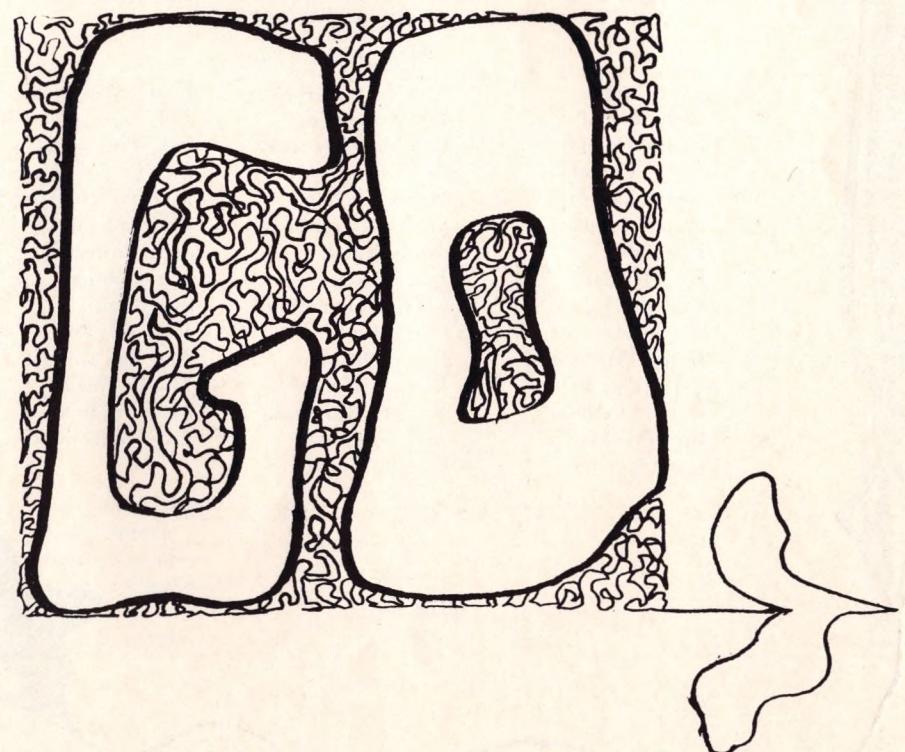
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ERIC BERNE WROTE a book called *Games People Play*. He wrote it to satirize the way people live by transforming social amenities, cocktail party self-defense and opportunism into games—games with rules, tactics and purposes. People as a group and people as individuals often play games. Most games are harmless; they are intended to delude without giving offense. Each of the games has a psychological interpretation—most often games are protests against convention or society in general.

To bring this phenomenon down to a localized level, games are played even by students here in the high school. Perhaps they are a little league for Games People Play; perhaps they are only practice sessions. High school has been called a training ground for adulthood—educational training, physical training and social training. Games Students Play contribute to the social development of every well-rounded high school student.

Generally the student follows a routine set of games; among them: skipping classes, passing notes, creating excuses for lost books and unfinished homework, and wasting class time with heated, meaningless discussions with the teacher. There are several situations however that afford the students a chance to demonstrate any additional game skills they may have acquired. When a substitute teacher arrives, new exciting games are invented that come under the general heading of BUZZ THE SUB. Simultaneous coughing and pencil-dropping, cooing and whistling in the back of the room with stifled giggles from the front, and general name-changing and emergency trips to locker or to guidance are some of

GAMES STUDENTS PLAY

the more famous games of BUZZ THE SUB.

Several very creative games have developed outside of classes too, like ORGY, which is sneaking ice cream from the cafeteria, and QUOTE UNREGISTERED STUDY UNQUOTE, which is merely legalized class-skipping.

Generally these games are little diversions of the student body—they are neither illegal nor seriously intended. The student is simply testing his limits with his teachers and the administration. Most students recognize when one is playing a game and all settle back to watch the interplay. If a teacher responds unknowingly, the action of the game promises to be quite funny. If the teacher trounces the student and wins the game in spite of the odds, the students learn her limits; in the future they carry the game just as far as that hairline between good humor and a double homework assignment.

These games sometimes seem callous and one-sided—especially BUZZ THE SUB—but as high school is the training ground for adult society, students must be prepared for all types of situations. They learn to quickly gauge another's patience and intelligence; they learn to distinguish between a good sport and a poor loser. They respect the good sport-teacher who can laugh at a near-embarrassment or student-laid trap. They learn minor league versions of Games People Play in order to be knowledgeable, well-adjusted adults. The seeming callousness or mental cruelty of Games Students Play then must be overlooked—for these students are on a training ground for Life.

STUDENT ONE UPMANSHIP

By Richard Levinson, '70

THE EXCITING sport of One Upmanship is universally practiced by all students. There are no basic rules boundaries, or limits; it is merely an attempt to be one up on everyone else.

We have many games that fall under the classification of One Upmanship. Most of them are aimed at teachers and the widening of the generation gap. One of the newer games is called "Up the Wall." In this game the student attempts to push a teacher until he must be placed in a home, where he can quietly weave baskets and not bother anyone. Up the Wall takes very little equipment; one teacher and one student chewing a wad of gum in an obnoxious manner will do.

"George, put the gum in the basket."

(George immediately shoves the gum between his lower lip and teeth.)

"Wwwwat gum?"

"George, in the basket, now!"

"Tell you what, Teach, you find any gum on me and you can have it, okay?"

"George, (the face grows red, the temples throb) in the basket, now! George, get out of the basket, the gum goes in, you can too, BUT LATER!"

Another way of playing Up the Wall is also very interesting. When a teacher asks, "How would you transplant the gizzard of a frog into a crayfish?", he expects a detailed answer. But no! the student is way ahead of the unsuspecting instructor, he immediately snaps back, "Veeery carefully." You'd be surprised at how effective this is when thirty people use such an answer on the final exam.

Another pastime pupils play is called "Throw the Cow's Husband." (This is known as "Toss the Bull" in some areas.) This, too, is simple and satisfying. The student merely memorizes a few phrases, such as "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny". In a lively discussion the contestant rants and raves, "The theory of ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny, which has yet to be disproved, clearly demonstrates the truth in my statement that the voltage drop is inversely proportional to the depth of snow in Juneau, Alaska." This sounds very authoritative, and no one would dare to argue with the glib one. No one really knows what the fact that a child resembles his parent has to do with the voltage drop, but this is irrelevant.

Games such as this are very rewarding but risky, so beware; it is possible that the teacher may know what you're talking about. To prevent this, take your phrases from a 1931 Girl Scout Handbook; no one knows what they were talking about.

Due to the oppressive double sessions, very few of our gourmets have been able to avail themselves of the culinary delights offered daily in our communal dining hall, Ulcer Gulch. The result is that the latest craze, "Food Riot" has not hit Pittsfield High. This is most successful on spaghetti, chow mein, or 100% pure meat Alpo days. After the players have their equipment, the signal is given, everyone stands up and becomes a budding Picasso, creating abstract designs all over the walls, teachers, other students, and the entire Mormon Tabernacle Choir. When the players tire of this, a rope is thrown over a pipe and the chant "We want the Chef! We want the Chef!" builds to a crescendo while the silverware is banged on the table. This



has been very effective in other schools.

These are just a few of the games students play. If you know of any others that fall under this category, you may be eligible for an exciting prize. To enter, cut the letters out of a newspaper and paste the words on a three by five file card. Place the card in a plain brown paper sack and leave the sack on the third bench in Park Square at high noon Moscow time. Come alone! The names of the winners will be printed in the Pittsfield telephone book. Members of *The Student's Pen* staff, their immediate families, and employees of its subsidiaries (subsidiaries?) are not eligible.

First Prize: A week's free meals in the school cafeteria.

Second Prize: Two weeks' free meals in the school cafeteria. (I know that's an old joke, but you should see my editor.)

Advance

ALL FORMS IN TRIPPLICATE ALL FORMS IN TRIPPLICATE ALL FORMS IN TRIPPLICATE

By William Levy, '68

ACTUALLY, I had promised never to disclose the details of the following events—not that such a promise would greatly influence me or make me hesitate. But I had formerly resolved to maintain secrecy, nonetheless. Now, however, I have decided to tell all.

Summer is approaching quickly, and with it graduation. Because of this, my earlier inhibitions are meaningless. Despite the fact that a few of the smaller sophomores and one or two of the more innocent juniors may shiver in the darkness of their beds at night after reading this account, I will forget my previous fears and reveal everything.

If I remember correctly, it all happened in late September or early October way back in Pre-D.S. (before double sessions). It was a 7-A day (Seniors may remember this particular term as it relates to the High School). Juniors and Sophomores will have to think back to Junior High days and adapt their reminiscences to fit our school. For those who still can't understand this or any other terminology, I'll be selling a leather-bound dictionary of "Administrational Jargon" in the lobby between sessions at a modest \$10.95.) Anyway, I had a really bad headache that particular day and I think I might have been coming down with the flu. I should have stayed home, of course, but I had a test second period and I was young and I didn't feel like making up the test. So, I dragged myself out of bed and got to school at what seemed at the time to be the ungodly hour of 8:30 a.m.

Homeroom lasted forever, as it had a

way of doing on 7-A days, and, since it didn't concern us and I didn't have anything to do having already done all my homework (remember I was only a sophomore at the time), I sat and stared at the cracks in the ceiling. I was feeling quite sick by the time first period began. Stumbling down to first period, I realized that I had a study now. Because I had nothing else to do and I couldn't find any interesting cracks in the ceiling, I decided to try to study for the test next period. It was a futile move. By this time my head hurt so much that I couldn't even see the book, much less the pages. I had lost almost all hearing by the time the period ended, and a kid near me had to hit me in the back to let me know that everyone was going to his second period. I no longer remember how I got to my class room or even if I wrote my name on my answer sheet. Mercifully, the period ended quickly.

When I reached third period, I had resolved to go home, and I asked the teacher if I could go to the nurse. He told me to make out a pass to the nurse's office. With a great deal of determination, I dragged myself to my desk, eased a pen out of my notebook, and fumbled with the pen until I had scrawled something approximating a corridor pass. My teacher signed it without even looking up, and I fell through the door and into the hall.

Laboriously, I made my way down the stairs one by one until I reached the basement. I wandered through the maze that makes up the nurse's office and finally confronted the nurse. I said, "I'm sick."

She replied, most sympathetically, "Do you have a pass from the Office?"

I shook my head no and held out the pass from my third period teacher instead. "That won't do," she said. "You need a note from the office to come here. If I let you come here with only a pass from your teacher, then pretty soon sick kids from all over the building would be mobbing my office. You wouldn't want that to happen, would you?"

I said, emphatically, "No." There didn't seem to be anything else to do, so I slowly made my way out of the maze, shuffled along the hall, crawled up the stairs, wandered across the lobby, leaned against the office door, and stumbled into the office. "I'm sick," I volunteered.

A secretary came over to me, made out a slip, asked my name and home room, and time-stamped the slip. Suddenly, as an afterthought, she said, "Wait a minute. I'd better check to see if the nurse is in today."

"She is. I just came from there and I saw her and everything."

"Just be patient. I have to check my schedule. If it says that she's here then she's here, and only if it says she's here." As I started to leave, someone came rushing into the office, slamming the door in

my face. I still think I saw a sadistic grin on one of the secretaries when I tumbled into the lobby.

Unfortunately, at just that moment the period ended. All that I saw was a wall of students rushing towards me from every angle. When I became aware of where I was again, I found myself in a locker on the third floor. Painfully I extricated myself from that situation and returned down stairs, lowering myself one stair at a time.

The nurse was on the phone when I arrived. I waited about an hour until she hung up, and almost triumphantly I entered her presence. Before I could utter a word, she stuck a thermometer into my mouth and pushed me into a chair. Then she called my home, but no one was home. Looking at the clock, she said, "School's almost over. Why don't you just go back to class?"

"I would, except I feel so poorly. Couldn't you at least give me something to ease the pain?"

"I'm sorry, but I'm a registered nurse. According to the law, I'm supposed to know some medicine. Therefore, I'm forbidden to dispense any drugs including aspirin." The nurse smiled and di-



rected me on how to get out of the maze of her office.

I think I was on the stairs when I finally collapsed. I came to in a room filled with homeroom registers, absentee forms, and boxes upon boxes of tests concerning great Berkshire County leaders of the Revolutionary War. By the shape of the ceiling I guessed that I was in the Dome. There were people all around me. Since then I have learned that these people were members of an underground society dedicated to fighting a never ending battle against forms in triplicate (but that's another story, which I'll have to leave to someone who comes after me to tell.) They decided it was best to send me to my sixth period class. As I made ready to leave, a Janitor handed me something which turned out to be aspirin

My sixth period class was Chemistry. I was just innocently sitting on my stool mixing chemicals in a test tube, when I heard a menacing burp. Suddenly the liquid began to bubble and solidify and flash and make clicking noises . . . Oh, curse the day! . . . and this thing leaped out of the test tube. It immediately began spewing wrong schedules and report card slips all over the floor.

Yes, fellow students, it was I who created the P.H.S. Computer. I tried to lock the door and save humanity and the student body, but it was too late. It had escaped.

Since that fateful day, it has taken over the Office, Guidance, and the Bcys' Gym, lurking in the smog of the Teacher's Rooms when it is on the prowl. The recent changes in administration have actually resulted from its never ceasing vigil.

STUDENTS BEWARE! WE MUST UNITE BEFORE THE COMPUTER ESCAPES THE BUILDING AND REAPS HAVOC ON THE SCHOOL SYSTEM AT LARGE!

a math lyric

$$\begin{aligned}
 i &\neq \infty \\
 i &< \infty \\
 i &= \infty - x \\
 x + i &= \infty \\
 x &= ? \\
 x &= \infty - i \\
 u &= \infty - i \\
 \therefore x &= u \\
 \therefore u &= x \\
 \therefore u + i &= \infty
 \end{aligned}$$

judy quillard

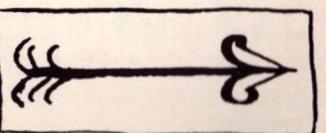
The Game of Life

Life is but a game we play
To pass our precious time away,
Striving for the end, the goal, the victory
Struggling to reach eternity.

We struggle; we advance; we retreat;
We lie a little; we cheat.
It may not be written in the rules,
But the game goes on—we just can't lose.

Finally when the end is in sight
And the captain of the team and players unite
To look back on events in plays gone by:
"How many of the rules did you live by?"

By Linda Rotti, '68



SCHOOL NOTES

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

By Jeanne Easley, '69

On May 14, a new institution was founded at Pittsfield High. The Longfellow Chapter of the National Honor Society was established with over seventy students from the junior and senior classes being inducted as members. Four seniors delivered speeches on the occasion; Mary Blagdon spoke on Character, Susan Termohlen on Service, Alfred Duda on Scholarship and Michael Kurjan on Leadership. Guests at the ceremony included Mayor Butler, School Superintendent James P. Reynolds, members of the School Committee, and the guest speaker, Mr. James Brown, principal of Lee High School. The charter for the Longfellow Chapter was presented to Mr. Murphy by Mr. Harold Hennessy, former principal here at P.H.S.

The Honor Society members are chosen on four qualities which were the topics of the speeches presented at the induction. Once a student has been awarded a membership in the Society, he is expected to maintain his high scholastic standing and to uphold his position as a school leader.

Miss Rhoades, Miss Clarke, Mrs. Butler and Mr. Quinlan are serving as faculty advisors to the Longfellow Chapter of the National Honor Society. Seniors elected for membership are: Thomas

Barry, Mary Blagdon, Adele Boison, Joan Boivin, Barbara Brown, Susan Coles, Carol Collyer, Kevin Corbett, Cheryl Coty, Nancy Coty, Karen Coy, Norman Daoust, James Donna, Ned Dripps, Alfred Duda, James Fulginiti, Paula Gai, Michael Gennari, Paula Grenier, Sandra Harris, Helen Harvey, June Harvey, Sherry Hermann, Susan Jacoby, Robert Kerwood, Jean Komuniecki, Michael Kurjan, Sherida Lincoln, Paula LoConte, Brenna Louzin, Joseph Lyons, Terri Metropole, Judith Quillard, Lois Rathbun, Jane Salata, Gregory Sammons, Brenda Steady, Susan Termohlen, John Tucci, Christine Vandergrift, Mary Jane Walsh, Marcia Warriner, Mark Whisler, Robert Zalutsky.

Junior members are: Edith Bach, Elizabeth Barbour, Beverly Beaman, Sharon Cassidy, Susan Connors, Sally Creran, Linda Del Gallo, Richard Fenton, Margaret Flowers, Paul Gniadek, Stephen Graves, Stephen Green, Anne Hill, Virginia Johnston, Christine Kiontke, Kevin Marzotto, Carol McDermott, Pamela Metzler, Carol Pepperman, Susan Pruyne, Susan Russell, Lorraine Simo, Richard Tanner, Linda Tognini, Diane Touret, Laura Tremblay, Judith Wildman, Mary Wiswell, Mary Wood.



THE CREATIVITY GAME*By Mary Blagdon, '68*

In a third floor art room every Tuesday afternoon, there meets the Writers & Illustrators Club. Twenty people gather around two tables to create and to discuss each other's work. Around one table, the artists and Mrs. Delaiti are working with many different art media to illustrate the poems and the prose of the writers. At the same time around the other table, Mrs. Schlawin and the writers read aloud work written since the last meeting. They discuss the work point by point and offer criticism or suggestions to the author.

Writers & Illustrators is perhaps the least recognized club in the high school, yet it is not a lack of publicity that causes this. Writers & Illustrators prints a literary annual called *Camenea* each spring. They set up an exhibit in the Berkshire Athenaeum each year and this year sev-

eral exhibits have been shown in the P.H.S. lobby. Last year's Athenaeum exhibit was transported to the Massachusetts Department of Education in Boston for a month last fall.

The whole purpose of the Writers & Illustrators Club is to encourage creative writing and drawing. The illustrators' section encourages experimentation with different media and different styles. The writers' section encourages creativity through constructive criticism and suggestions for improvement. The importance of the club lies in the fact that the criticism comes from the students themselves and not from the faculty advisors.

Every member of the Writers & Illustrators Club is seriously interested in creative writing or in art. If one has the inclination, but not the skills at first, the club will help him to develop those skills and at the same time to gain a real appreciation of creative ability in others.

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Wasting Time With Gum Wrappers*By Carl Greenberg, '69*

The following list, probably only partial, of things that are done with gum wrappers was spurred by the fantastic number of gum wrappers left in school desks by those who don't do anything with them after removing the gum except leave them in desks. I won't comment on the implication; I'll simply let the reader wonder what significance there is about what students have found to do with gum wrappers.

The typical gum wrapper (gw for short) consists of two parts; the outer paper and the inner foil. The first thoughts of the average person when gw's are mentioned are that they are used to wrap gum in and that they are later thrown out. But there are also the following things that are done with gw's:

(1) Some people try to peel the foil off of its backing in one piece.

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(2) If that's too frustrating they just get it all off no matter how many pieces it takes.

(3) Some get pieces big enough to wad to simply throw at someone, or,

(4) they play golf, using the ink-pot holes as the target.

(5) Others like to place a piece of foil between their tongue and a filling, which produces a rather weird sensation.

(6) The outer wrapper is often used to make teeny-weeny airplaines.

(7) writing and concealing notes, and

(8) making long wrapper chains.

(9) Some people go ape by ripping the Gr from Grape gum wrappers.

(10) Many like to appear generous, so they reform a complete wrapper and hand it to a friend, empty. They're not being so smart though; look what can be done with an empty wrapper.

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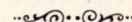
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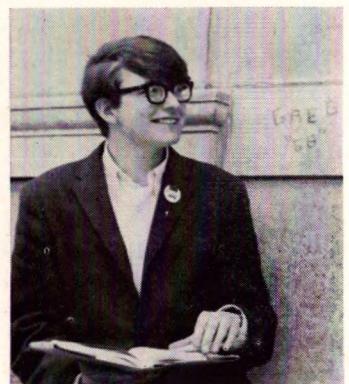
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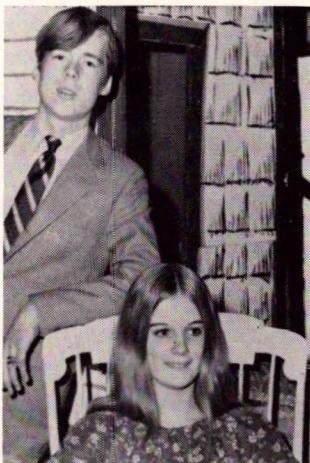
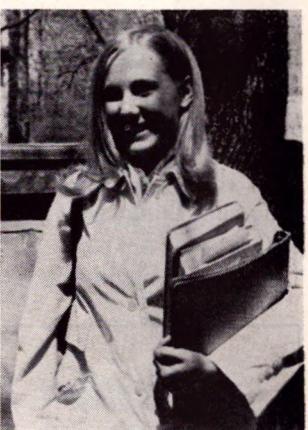
Greg Sammons, another active Senior, is very involved both in and out of school. He is the editor of the Current Events staff of *In General*, and is a member of the debating team. He was a winner in the Voice of Democracy contest, and took a gold medal at the Massachusetts Speech Festival. Outside of school, Greg is the Vice-President of the Pittsfield Area Council of Churches' Youth Council. He also was a representative at Student Government Day 1968 in Boston. Next fall he plans to pursue his interest in English history or politics at Trinity.

Who's Who



PHYLLIS DECKER

Meet Phyllis Decker—the Lois Lane of Pittsfield High. Since she is photography editor of both *The Dome* and *The Student's Pen*, she must keep abreast of all school activities and get them on film for her classmates. She is also Secretary of the Band and Head Majorette. A CP student, she will enter St. Luke's School of Nursing in the fall.



KAREN DOWNEY RICK SMITH

This year's senior class play co-chairmen are Karen Downey and Rick Smith. Karen Downey, besides being a co-chairman helped Mr. Sage direct *Oklahoma*. Karen, a college prep senior, is very active in school affairs. She is a member of the Student Council; she writes for *The Student's Pen* and she paints for Writers and Illustrators. Next fall Miss Downey plans to enter Emmanuel College.

Rick Smith is also a college prep senior. Rick, because he likes to sing and play the guitar, is a member of the P.H.S. Madrigal singers and the folk group the Forerunners. Most of his time outside of school is spent in Boston as a worker for the American Friends Service and as president of the New England Conference of the M.Y.F. Rick's future plans are entering Syracuse University to major in sociology.



NANCY BOOKLESS

Nancy Bookless, the art editor of this magazine, is also the very capable decorations co-chairman of the Senior Prom. Advanced placement history, along with all CP courses, occupies a lot of Nancy's time. But she still finds the time for many outside activities. She is a member of GAA, Pep Club, and the Writers and Illustrators, as well as being an active member of the Senior Play sets and scenery committee. Nancy plans to go to Syracuse University, where she will major in art education.



JERRY WICHLAC

Jerry Wichlac, "Jud Fry" in *Oklahoma*, has made many significant contributions to Pittsfield High. A varsity debating team member for three years, he was chairman of the team this year. Last year, he represented Pittsfield High at Boys' State and he has been the president of the United Students Fund for two years. Jerry keeps busy with his advanced placement courses in math and in physics, and next year he will attend the Air Force Academy.

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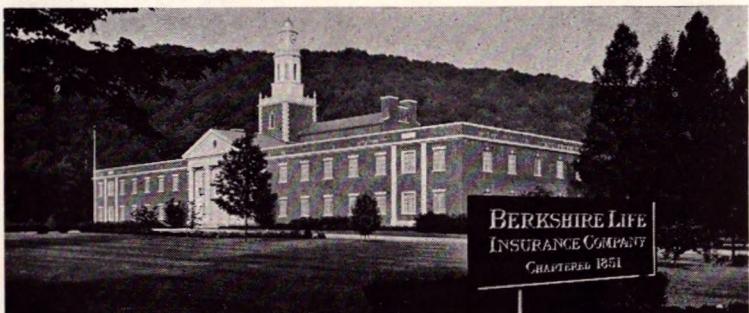
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THE FAKE OUT GAME

By Jane Salata, '68 and Jim Fulginiti, '68

FOUR OUT of five recently-published medical digests show that two out of three leaves one. Therefore, taking into consideration that Marcel Proust is indeed a Yenta, this thesis, set forth by two imminently known borderline Cases (Cadwallader and Claribel), shall attempt to prove that there is indeed life after tenth grade, while simultaneously recording the gorilla tactics which have been employed and handed down from generation to generation throughout the annals of P.H.S. history.

Returning to our original topic, that of the truth behind the blackboard jungle, we find that there is seldom, if ever, any truth there at all. The truth of the matter is that the jungle has been subdued to the state of Warmed-Over Zoo. And speaking of things that are warmed-over, our very cafeteria is a case in point. Located in the bowels of the building, this wondrous room is frequented by various culinary and non-culinary masterpieces. Worthy of note are those Cueballs escorted by reasonable facsimiles of the Son of Kong, Wonder Woman, and even Morgul the Friendly Drelb. In the congenial atmosphere you can sit down with a friendly cup of Serendipity Borscht and, if you're lucky, when you leave it will too.

And while we are on the subject of leaving, there is one place which students like to leave above all others—study. Outstanding in the "Who's Who" of the fake-out world are those unsung heroes who, at a pre-determined time, arise with their books and lead the masses casually out of the auditorium of the sixth period study hall and leave the teachers to straggle forlornly back to unpolluted teachers' rooms. We hereby challenge

next year's A.M. students to beat our record of our 12:13 P.M. evacuation and to try a mass exodus from *third* period study instead.

Somewhere back in the proceeding paragraph we mentioned that the teachers' rooms were unpolluted. Yea verily, the walls of those cloisters are in truth the only virgin clerestories to be found hanging around this institution. The walls and the desks are notable examples.* The next time you happen to be passing through the dressing room which is up three flights of stairs which are to the left of the stage which is at the front of the auditorium which is at the back of the lobby behind all those doors with the black glass with all the funny scratches on them, look. You will see many unprintables quite printed upon the very wall! Let it not be bruted about that our modern-day Abrahams do not believe in extra-censorship perception.

And, speaking of Abraham, who once in fit a of anguish, mumbled "Shet de do!" while being sucked out of a Boeing 707 Stratojet at an altitude of 30,000 feet, we come to the problem of the draft. Even in Canada you will be faced with the self-same difficulties of us, the denizens of P.H.S. One surefire way to dodge the draft is to open the window at the very front of the class and let the teacher freeze. He, she or it will subsequently close the other windows, thus eliminating the problem of the draft.

In conclusion, we therefore conclude that this essay was conceived in livery and desecrated to the presupposition that all men are cremated evil—but the women aren't so hot either.

*Foot.

Le Petit Coin

Spring.
And with her come thoughts and things
Of a lighter, brighter composition.
These, only seeming this way
After having reminisced with an old
friend . . .

In a halcyon hide-a-way
Clear night air whispers winter memories
To an always-expanding mind.
Listening to quiet breaths, I find myself
Smiling back on now-dead happenings,
Thinking back on deep conversations
never to be

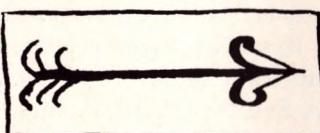
Repeated in exactly the same words
At the same place, and
Looking back on the growth of now-established
Truths which will eventually find their
Niche in a mental market-place or
During social intercourse.

Spring bends low
Wishing winter a truly good good-bye
Then straightens up tall
Thinking all the while
Of the arrival
Of the new growing season.

By Lorraine Simo, '69

mortality for john

the game
he plays
with laughing eye
disregards
that he will die
and so he
fools
with life and lies
by jean komuniecki, '68

**The Art of Expression**

Words—what are words?
A method of communication;
A mode directed to securing world-wide
peace,
An outlet towards achieving personal
penance.
One cannot always say what is in one's
heart, however.
Words often come only with much faltering
and anguish.
Result? Unsatisfactory mission.
Feelings, deep feelings, are stirring
within, consisting of
irrevocable turmoil, ready to gush forth
in awesome majesty . . .
yet never, actually uttered.
Actions, silent, gentle actions, are enough
Words are often better, left unsaid,
Where silence is more appropriate.

By Abbie Ziskind, '68

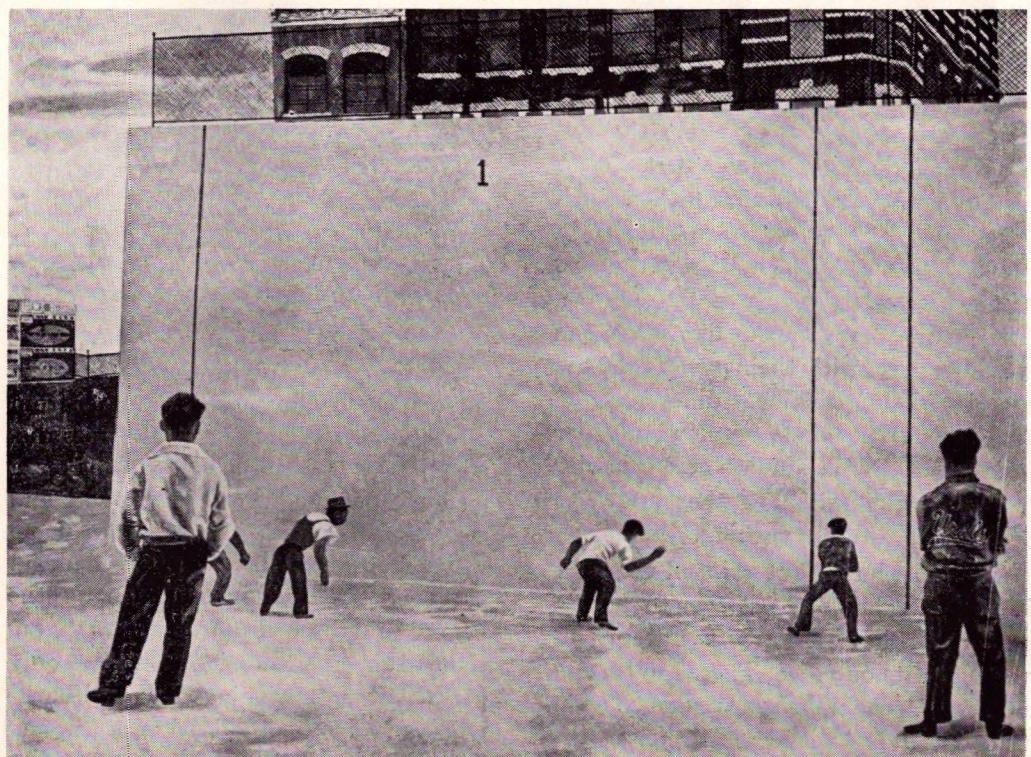
the arts column

"The artist, perhaps more than the grocer or the ice-man, is natively inclined to try to peer into the truth of things . . . It is the mission of art to remind man from time to time that he is human, and the time is ripe, just now, today, for such a reminder."

—Ben Shahn

Through his painting *Handball*, Ben Shahn tries to give us such a reminder. Most all of his paintings are social comments—city ghettos, poverty, prejudice. Through his picture of youngsters playing handball on a concrete wall, he tries to impress upon us the stark hardness of the city slums and the absence of trees. The game of poverty is one that many play unwillingly each day. Shahn's painting is just a "reminder" that they needn't.

By Julie Dubro, '68



Handball Ben Shahn

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

By William Levy, '68

The title of Dr. Eric Berne's book may be a little misleading. It does not relate such things as games to play at a party, but "the dead serious little 'games' we play almost every day of our lives." The book, which remained on the best seller list for two years, is hardly a typical best seller. For one thing, its contents are quite different than the average best seller. It is a psychological probe into the little rituals which people build up in their daily transactions, and, while it is written for the layman, it is still a book of serious psychology. Why, then, has it had such phenomenal success? The reason is that the book is not studying (except for extreme cases) the "insane" patient, but the "normal" people, including ourselves. Perhaps its greatest reason for success is that people can identify with the characters and actions under study.

Dr. Berne is a leading psychiatrist in a group who support the "games theory" of psychology. They believe that almost all our actions and confrontations with other people are actually intricately played "games" which do not always mean what they seem on the surface. The "games" are hardly like what one would expect, with their payoffs for the emotions being strikingly different from the rational expectations of winning or losing. Dr. Berne studies our behavior and then plunges below the surface to see what is really happening.

The most important point of the book is that it takes at least two to play a game, and that both are very deeply involved in its outcome. There are certain roles which each player takes (such as in the "Alcoholic" with the Alcoholic, Persecuter, Rescuer, Patsy, and Connection) and each player is seeking a certain

emotional payoff. Unconsciously at least, each player "wants" to play and receive his award or punishment. Very often in our society we merely switch from one role to another. There is also a difficulty in trying to treat only one member of a "game" because all the other players (such as a drunk's wife) are actually dependent on this player. Dr. Berne emphasizes that "games" should not be merely changed but eliminated, and looks forward to a "game-free existence."

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

By Carl Greenberg, '69

2001, based on the book by Stanley Kubrick is more of an experience than most movies. It is big, haunting and unique. Only 46 minutes out of 159 have dialogue, but the rest is hardly silent scenery. Scenes of drifting spacecraft are accompanied by a powerful arrangement of *The Blue Danube*; but music is not the only element of the sound. When the first of several mysterious slabs appears, it emits a noise of such intensity that it is actually painful to the viewer's ears. Thus the audience becomes almost a part of what is going on.

The movie starts with the first ape-like men on earth who chase each other from a water hole. When one of the apes discovers that a hand-held bone makes a good weapon, he seems to go berserk and smashes to pieces the skeleton from which he took the bone. This is made an extremely frightening sequence by the heavy sound of drums, the terrifying sight of the ape, occasional shots of only his hairy arm swinging down with the bone, and by the implication of the fact that man's first discovery was a weapon.

Finally, after killing another ape, he

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throws the bone into the air and it becomes a spacecraft. After a while comes the first dialogue and the introduction of the plot, an almost minor part of 2001. Another slab is discovered on the moon, put there 4,000,000 years earlier. It also emits a long shriek which seems to be a signal aimed at Jupiter. An expedition is sent there to search for what must be a tremendously advanced civilization. The spacecraft is entirely controlled by Hal, the computer, who seems more human than the astronauts. He eventually goes insane and kills everyone except Keir Dullea, who plays his part excellently, and the viewer is nearly scared out of his seat when an emergency buzzing suddenly starts and the screen flashes red with the news of Hal's malfunction. The deaths of three hibernating astronauts are indicated simply by the levelling off of their life function oscilloscope lines.

Dullea 'kills' Hal, gets to Jupiter by himself, spots another slab, and we are taken for a wild psychedelic ride. This is a sort of transcendental contact with the advanced civilization, since all they do would seem like magic to us.

There are many implications made about man and his developments and the film is somewhat of a picture and sound essay of philosophy on man.

Technically, the film is a fantastic accomplishment. An indication of this is the \$750,000 paid for the centrifuge ordered by Kubrick for the spacecraft scenes. The photographic effects are done by completely new developments of Kubrick himself. They create fascinating scenes. 2001 is a great science fiction movie, portraying with great effect the best guesses as to what our technology will be in 33 years. It is also a bitterly humorous comment on what man's scientific development is doing for, and to, man.

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POETIC LICENSE: THE INTERPRETATION GAME

By William Levy, '68

WE HAD BEEN studying John Beadle's latest poem in class, and for two weeks we had argued about the religious and political symbolism hidden within his deceptively simple verses. One night at dinner, I happened to mention this outstanding dispute which was still raging in my English class. My father asked me if I really wanted to know what Mr. Beadle had meant. When I immediately said yes, he told me that he knew Beadle and that Beadle lived on a farm nearby. The next day my father informed me that he had made arrangements to allow me to visit and interview Mr. Beadle at his home.

I must admit that I was very excited as I drove out to Peru for the interview. There was a slight sense of misgiving, however, when I reached his farm and saw a quite normal two story house with a quite normal picket fence in front.

He answered the door before I had even enough time to knock, and he cheerfully led me into a room which very much resembled my own living room. I found a seat in a green armchair and he sat on a couch.

"I'm very happy to be here today," I ventured. "It was nice of you to let me come."

"Oh, that's okay; I'm always happy to have visitors. What can I do for you?"

"Well, we've been discussing some of your poetry in English, and we've been unable to decide exactly what you meant in your last poem, "My Life's Work".

P
E
N
A
L
T
Y

He leaned forward with interest, "What did you think that it meant?"

"We've pretty much agreed that the whole poem was summed up in your verse, 'Then I stepped on the tale of my cat.'"

"And what did you say that that stood for?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, the concept of 'Then' we ascribed to signify that it was your final action in life."

"How very interesting."

"Most of us accepted the 'I' merely as yourself, personally, but one student pointed out its greater message if we interpret it as humanity in general."

"Gosh." Mr. Beadle went into another room and returned with a pad and pencil. "Mind if I take notes?"

Continuing, I said, "We weren't so sure of the 'stepped on' in the poem. I felt that it might mean rejection of all your past. Others stated that in your very rejection you were, in a larger sense accepting it."

I watched as he underlined this last line. "Oh, please go on," he urged.

"The tale", of course, would probably be either the story of or the conditions surrounding your life."

"Oh, of course," he hurriedly put in.

"We had quite a problem with 'my cat', though. One group said that it stood for your philosophy in life. Others thought it might be religious doctrine. The teacher and a couple of students felt that you were expressing your neutrality

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on politics. I, however, didn't agree with any of these interpretations."

"What did you think?" he requested eagerly.

"I believe that it was in keeping with your title and concerned your life work."

"Fascinating!"

"But tell me; what did you really mean by the sentence?"

"Oh, you don't really want to know, do you?"

"Yes I do!" I exclaimed.

"Well, actually I meant to say, 'Then I stepped on the tail of my cat', but I misspelled tail. By the time I realized it, the poem had already gone to the printers and I decided that it didn't matter anyway."

"You're kidding." I looked at him with disbelief.

"No, I'm not. I had always thought of the poem as a cute little ditty about the animals on my farm. But now that you've pointed it out, I see that it wasn't that simple. Thank you for explaining it to me."

I made ready to leave, but he held me back.

"Tell me what I really meant in my poem 'The Butter Churn With the Crack in It,'" he pleaded as I left the house.

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It stops.
Dead.

Who killed it?
What killed it?
Why?
Why must we forget
Laughter?

By Laura Leon, '69

drAMatIzation?

O accursed voice from the darkened
depths,
Kill not my sweet reverie,
Wreak not they vengeance upon my
slumbering soul,
Devil's disciple, herald of drudgery—
begone!
(There goes that alarm clock again.)

By Carol Pepperman, '69

The Escape Game

Run to your locker instead of class,
Make yourself an authentic pass.
Grab your coat and fly out the door,
Free your mind from all in store.
You run, but remember to keep out of
sight,
Or detention will teach you wrong from
right!
You go some place and try to have fun,
But your nerves won't let you forget
what you've done.

By Marti Strattner, '69



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up on desks for
150 or 3rd period
BOMB SCARE
run to
FORGOT GYM
Equipment
BOMB SCARE
BOMB SCARE

Bankrupt
Bankrupt
compliments
decade
CUT
FRESH AIR
Murphy

Mr. Murphy
pick up ONE YEAR'S
experience
and TWENTY
INSOMNIA
POINTS....

GO

Beachwear
Restriction

Optional
Room
90 to Boys
or Girls
Room
Driver's
ED
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then go back
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UNTIL TOWED
AWAY

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MINUTES
then go on

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POINTS

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DUE.....

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PENALTY *

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chair



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REPORT TO ROOM
110

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LANGUAGE LAB
LATE SLIP

BIOLOGY

DISSECT A
Paramecium

FEATURES

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Get Out Of Detention Free
- 2) Go Directly To Detention
Do Not Eat Lunch, Do Not Talk To Girlfriend
- 3) Advance To Auditorium
- 4) Repeat Period 3
- 5) Your Maplewood Got An "A"
Collect Three Handshakes
- 6) You Have Been Elected Lunch-Line Patroller
Punish All Line "Cutters"
- 7) Make General Repairs On All Dirty Desks
Scrub Hard If You Did It;
Don't If You Didn't
- 8) Computer Made A Mistake
You Get All "A's"
- 9) Pay Bribe of \$15
- 10) Advance To Dome
If You Make It, Collect Congratulations

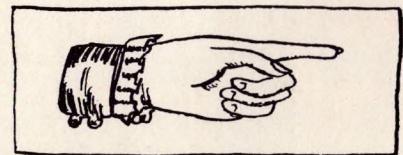
Community Chest Cards

- 1) Pay Class Dues of \$18
- 2) Teacher Gives Extra Point On 79 Average
Collect A "B"
- 3) From Sale Of Book Report You Get \$5
- 4) Get Out Of Detention Free
- 5) Computer Error In Your Favor
Collect Two "B's"
- 6) OKLAHOMA Opening
Collect \$1 From Each Student For Opening Night Seats

- 7) Pay Class Treasurer \$5
- 8) You Inherit Your Brother's Research Papers
- 9) Scholarship Granted To You
Collect \$500
- 10) You Have Won Second Prize In An Oratorical Contest
Collect R.T.C.'s Handshake
- 11) Ten Feet Of Snow Over Night School Called Off
- 12) Bomb Scare
Go Home At 10 O'clock
- 13) Your Hair's Too Long
Five Day's Suspension
- 14) Big Baseball Game Today
All Go Home To See It

GAMES STUDENTS PLAY

Scrabble—trying to figure out your Latin translation
Play Your Hunch—your first driving lesson
Jeopardy—the risk the school skippers take
The Dating Game—the senior boys and the junior girls
Checkers—the people who line the halls every morning
Musical Chairs—the switching of seats that occurs whenever a substitute is in
The Last Straw—the final whisper that gets you detention
Hands Down—the days no one has done his homework and no one knows any answers
To Tell The Truth—getting caught cheating
Let's Make a Deal—talking a teacher out of giving you an F
Name That Tune—music appreciation test



Fractured Flickers—3rd floor girls' room
Beat The Clock—rushing from the cafeteria to 302 (in 3 minutes)

You Don't Say—exclamation for a surprise quiz

The Price Is Right—the hot-lunch "line-up"

Password—the "key" to the history essay question

Dialing For Dollars—applying for a scholarship

Truth or Consequence—being sent to the office

Snap Judgment—seeing smoke coming from the girls' room

Match Game—an objective test

Eye Guess—on the S.A.T.'s

Monopoly—going steady

Mouse Trap—trying to skip class

Go To The Head Of The Class—the trip all the big mouths take

Candy Land—6th period study in the auditorium

Clue—Hey, what's the answer to number 7?

Finance—trying to borrow 3c for milk in the cafeteria

Casey's Column

Well, kids, school's just about over and laziness has taken over. Everyone, having absolutely *no* work to do, has been able to get into all kinds of glorious trouble. Jackie's got Jimmy back so the tension and suspense has relaxed once again . . . Could it be that Old Joe Clark has competition from a recently cropped junior boy? . . . Gale, is that **REALLY** you? . . . Helen McKenna, what have you in mind being at St. Joe every day at two? . . . Tom R., who fell asleep 6th period economics and slept right through to 1st period of the afternoon session? . . . Everyone is out for Frank Schultz, or is

Sean O'Casey

it just a fantasy, Pam Troy? . . . Billy Farr has become a real pro in the VW demolition derby . . . "Alice's Restaurant" has become quite popular in the language lab during German classes . . . Have Jill and Mark broken up for good? Tune in next week . . . Watch the headlines of 1969: Durwood Kerwood scores 98 points against St. Joe . . . Rick Fenton thinks "that's great" . . . Who is going to be Sportsman of the Month, Mark? . . . Mindy Hackner wanted to go swimming quite early this year—but in Sacket Brook? . . . The truth is out—*King Lear* is a true Monarch to *all* in the AP English class . . . Pete Nikitas should get a big bang out of the centerfold in *this* magazine—even it is too small for a bookcover . . . Linda Rapkowitz, is going to stay home four days next year, for fear of a punch in the nose . . . Dan Scace has friends working for him at the *Eagle* office. They've given him a very impressive rating in the Class of '68 . . . Sue Termohlen should consider taking an AP zoology course before she sees another baseball game . . . Miss Flowers, don't worry about being the only girl in the physics class. . . . Since college starts next year for a great number of the Senior boys, I hope someone tells them that somersaulting down Clapp Park hill is not exactly considered proper for kids beyond 3rd grade . . . David Lamont has invented a new mathematics. It seems that he would like $y - (x = \cos u)$ to be a basic foundation of higher math . . . Friends, that just about wraps up the news for now. I honestly hope that you all have a wonderful time at the prom and I wish the seniors the best of luck in the future. Just remember, lowly underclassmen, Casey doesn't graduate and I'll be watching you throughout the summer to get all the news, so, BE GOOD!!!

SPORTS

P.H.S. Sports Round-up

The Pittsfield High School sporting ventures this year have led both to great triumphs and to disappointments.

The formidable football Generals won the Western Massachusetts "Class A" conference in an undefeated league season. Leading the Generals to victory were Paul Metallo, Dan Scace, and Wayne Ciepiela.

The soccer squad finished third in their league with the season made more successful by the General's defeat of rival Wahconah Regional.

Getting into the winter sports season, the basketball team showed less success with an 8 win 13 loss season. The team showed its real talent in the Western Mass. tourney where it narrowly missed beating the league champs, Springfield Cathedral.

Wrestling, the youngest sport at P.H.S., continued to improve in performance this year by evenly splitting its schedule with 6 wins 6 losses. All-around athlete Dan Scace was vital to

the Generals' final record with his 13 wins and 3 losses in matches.

Though the swimming team could hardly improve upon last year's New England championship, the P.H.S. swimmers kept up their winning habit with a record of 12 wins and 1 loss in league competition.

The ski team struck gold again this year by winning the Berkshire County Interscholastics, and kept up the tradition of winning started by former coach Rudi Benedetti—8 titles in a row, so far.

Concerning spring sports, though they are still in progress, P.H.S. teams have demonstrated continued first-rate performances.

The track team seems to be on its way to its fifth straight Western Mass. title with wins in their first two meets. Most outstanding track man will probably be football speedster Paul Metallo.

The baseball season seems to promise victory for the Generals, with no defeats by press time, and the outstanding pitching of Jim Briggs and all-around baseball ability of Joe Kamienski.

The tennis and golf teams both look forward to successful seasons, especially the golf team which is after its third straight Western Mass. championship.

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The Girls' Night Out

By Jean Rocheleau, '68

As forty girls laced up their roller skates at Broyles Arena, and tried to stand up, the first movement was toward the railing. The first girl who stood up on her own for at least one minute won a free Coke. As the night continued, each girl became a little bit braver and began to let herself roll around the ring, but not until two friends accompanied her—to hold her up! In order to give us a little confidence, the instructors came around and tried to give us a few tips . . . on how to stand up! But seeing how hopeless we really were, they gave up and decided to play games. Two girls hopped onto a contraption (something like a large skateboard) and by use of plungers, began to paddle or push themselves around the ring. The first couple that returned to the starting position won. Twenty minutes after the starting signal, two girls finally returned to the starting position. Everyone clapped because now they could skate again in the two minutes remaining. As everyone began to leave, half were limping from falling, and the other half limping because of blisters. But, on the whole, everyone enjoyed herself thoroughly, and returned home to recover from her night out.

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Baseball

By Tom Sacchetti '69

For the many baseball players and fans, the '68 season opened April fifteenth at Pittsfield High. North Adams State College, among others in exhibition games, was defeated by Pittsfield High with a score of eleven to nine.

This year's team is great . . . much greater than both St. Joe (Pittsfield) and Dalton, who are considered by Coach Pellerin to be the toughest competitors. Because the '68 team is strong in defense and hitting in the middle of the line-up, we are hoping for first place, and a ticket to the state competition. With Dick Russell, Dave Lusignan, Kevin O'Donnell, and Jim Briggs (who, incidentally, is going to be watched this season by nine pro teams) what could the pitching staff be called but strong!

Around the bases this year, you will find Frank Schultz behind the plate, either Ricky Russo or Mark Reynolds at first base, Joe Kamienski at second, Bob Barrington as short-stop, and either Joe Barbarotta or Kevin O'Donnell at third. In the outfield, Tom Barry will be playing left, Joe Markham center, and either Steve Giraldi—a transfer student—or John Lander, right field.

Among the promising sophomores this year are Larry Allen, a right-handed pitcher, Greg Gillette, a left-handed pitcher, and Ed McMann, a short stop. Mr. Pellerin stated that we will be seeing a lot of McMann. The regular season ends June third, but not for Pittsfield High, because we're going to the state competitions!

Advance

MAY 1968

New Cadettes

By Linda Rapkowicz, '69

The record player provided the marching music as the terrified sophomores tried out for Cadettes. From this group twenty-one were chosen. We would like to congratulate Barb Briggs, junior manager, Marley Champoux, Patty Fahey, Robin Freeman, Kathy Glassanos, Linda Hartwell, Pat Hogan, Sue Hardesty, Nancy Kirkpatrick, Beth Lambert, Vickie Makes, Jill MacDonald, Terri Pink, Ann Previtali, Sue Rosenbaum, Cheryl Renzi, Jean Robbie, Cindy Sammons, Chris Selin, and Mary Thompson.

Each junior had mixed feelings. We are sorry to lose our big sisters, but they will always remain in our hearts as the greatest Cadettes ever. At the same time, we are looking forward to working with our little sisters because they are now a part of one of the greatest dreams a girl could have—being a Pittsfield High School Cadette!

Swim Much?

The girls of the G.A.A. didn't have to know how to swim to have fun the night of their splash party.

About fifty girls went to the Boys' Club for a night full of fun which they had. Chicken fights, races, and flipping each other over their shoulders were a few of the ways in which the girls enjoyed themselves.

The diving board was used to do dives and flips. Some already knew how to do these things, others learned.

This party was a great success and lots of fun so if you couldn't make it this year, we hope to see you there next year.

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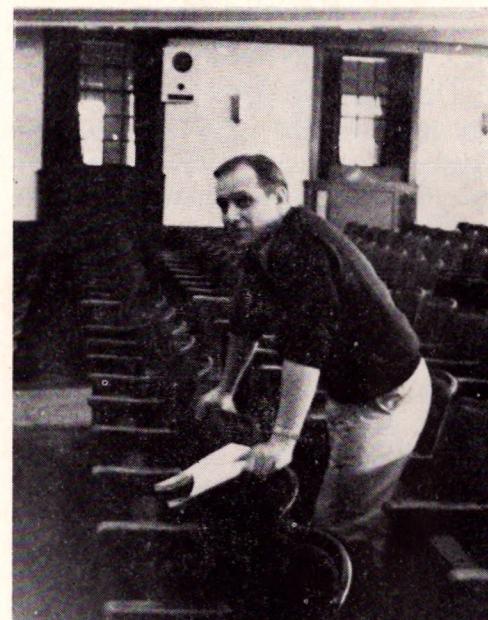
OKLAHOMA!

Roles Students Play
By William Levy, '68

A great deal must be done to have a successful play (especially a musical) long before the people enter the theatre with their nicely printed tickets and take their seats for the performance. Once the play has been selected and rights purchased to put it on, the work of bringing it to life must begin.

Months before the actual show, tryouts must be held, actors selected, and parts given out. Rehearsals begin immediately, with the actors both learning their parts and blocking out their actions on the stage. Stage directions are constantly changed in order to experiment with different effects. Lines are repeated again and again and again and again for long and often frustrating hours. This is carried out without music and addressed to empty seats.

Finally, some music is introduced. The actors with singing parts have already been rehearsing their songs separately. Meanwhile, the orchestra has been learning its music. The two are brought together in the regular rehearsals. Cues must be learned, and rough spots ironed



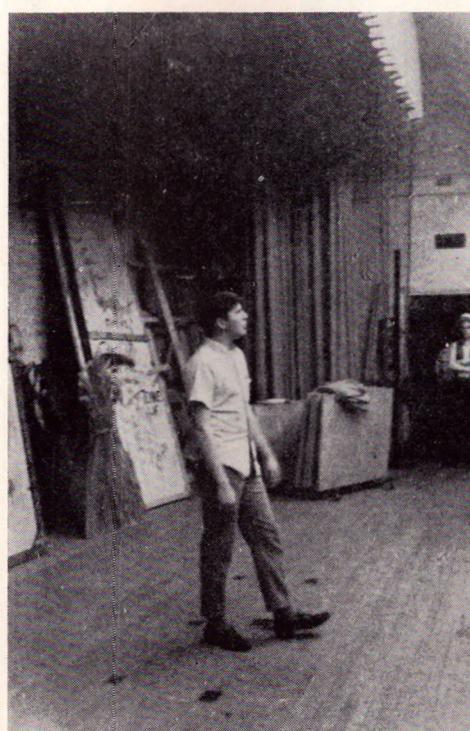
out before the entire chorus, which has also been practicing by itself, can be introduced. When everyone seems to understand what he is doing, the dancing can be added and the play enters the final phase.

All this time, committees have been meeting to plan and prepare publicity, to organize stage hands and the lighting crew, to make up and sell tickets, and to get ushers and usherettes. The props are gathered and the stage scenery made.

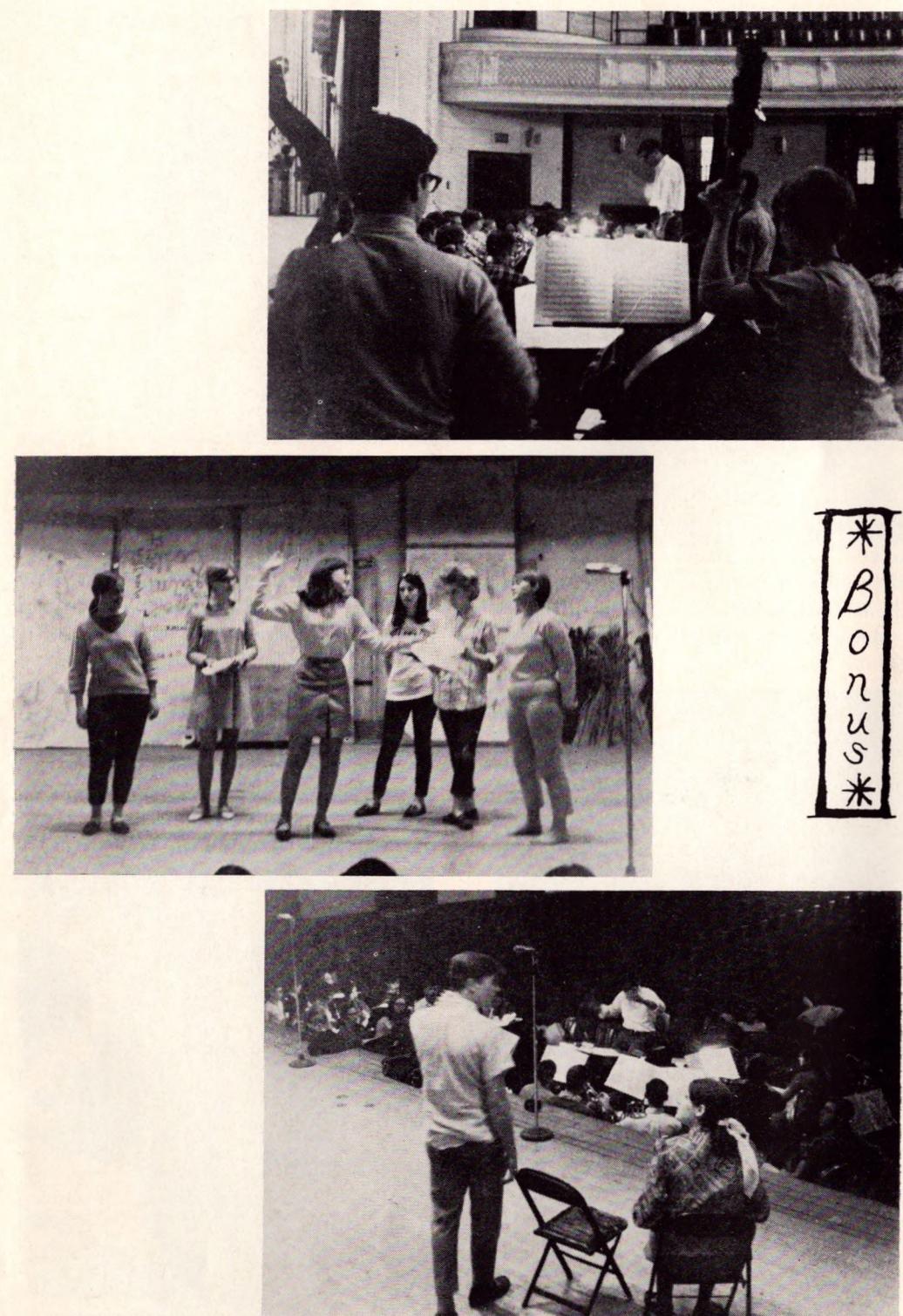


The last weeks bring startling changes. Everything fits together and the play receives its final touches. The costumes have all been made and are used during the last rehearsals.

After months of work, the last ingredi-



ent is added—the audience. The seats are no longer empty, and suddenly there is laughter after lines which seemed to have lost their humor long ago. The play becomes, for a couple of hours, a world of its own in which the audience shares.



MAY 1968

37

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The late Dr. Scott M. Buchanan, a 1912 graduate of Pittsfield High School, led a long, unbelievably fruitful career as educator, philosopher, author, and foundation consultant. Dr. Buchanan, Pittsfield High's only Rhodes scholar, was widely recognized as an author and a liberal thinker in the fields of both education and politics.

A 1916 graduate of Amherst College, he received a Rhodes Scholarship for study in Oxford. The Rhodes Scholarships, established by Cecil John Rhodes, donated funds for education to deserving young men possessing the qualities of a Rhodes Scholar: "(1) scholastic ability and attainment; (2) qualities of manhood, truthfulness, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship; (3) moral force of character, instincts to lead and to take an interest in his fellows; (4) physical vigor, as shown by fondness for and success in sports."

Dr. Buchanan is credited with developing the "great books" concept which he introduced at St. John's College. This bold new educational approach, which revived the failing St. John's College, advocated a concentrated four year program of reading and discussing only the great books of the past—about 120 classics.

Among his many published works were *Possibility*, which dealt with the relationship between actuality and possibility, and *Poetry and Mathematics*, which showed various relationships between the

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diverse fields of mathematics and literature.

Memories of deeds done speak for the dead. Man lives on, thus, in the minds of men. So be it.

GAMES HARVARD STUDENTS PLAY

By George L. Middleton, Jr., '67

It is difficult to classify Harvard students in any one manner; their diversity is almost overwhelming. However, after spending a little over seven months observing them (and being one myself), I have been able to discover three games that the typical Harvard student has played at some time during his undergraduate years. I present them in no particular order below.

First, "I Can Be More Radical Than You" (ICBMRTY). Any number are permitted to play, although groups of more than six seem to be unwieldy. For best results, three students are needed. In ICBMRTY, Black begins by saying something like: "I think President Johnson should be impeached." White counters the thrust with: "Well, I think that Washington should be bombed to ruins." ICBMRTY progresses in this manner, with each statement more radical than its predecessor. Eventually, White convinces Black that he is the more radical of the two, and the game ends. A second Black then attempts to wrest the title of Most Radical Person from White. Extra psychological advantage is obtained by those who are most hypocritical.

(Note: A companion game, "I Can Be More Conservative Than You," is also played, but much less frequently than ICBMRTY.)

Second, "I Can Disagree With Anything You Say" (ICDWAYS). Black begins with an innocuous statement, such

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as "I think butter is more expensive than margarine." White's favorite responses include: "What's your definition of butter? (or of whatever else is being discussed), "What statistics can you cite?", or "But doesn't this minimize the importance of the Republican Party?" When White is really desperate, he replies: "You're out of your mind." By playing this game, White is able to assert his individuality as well as to hide any lurking inferiority complexes.

Finally, Procrastination (P). Any number may play. White's object is to create the impression that he does no homework. Typical maneuvers include:

1. Statements like: "I haven't done any work for a week," or "You know, everyone thinks you study too hard."

2. Being seen frequently *not* doing

work. Typical methods: playing bridge, playing squash, leading demonstrations against Dow.

3. Holding contests to see who can delay the longest in writing a paper.

White's hidden object is, of course, to convince his classmates not to work because *he* is not working. After accomplishing this object, White slips away, studies strenuously, and gets A's; Black gets B's and C's. Black is required to confront the result philosophically: "Grades are relatively meaningless." Black assumes White's role in the next term.

Of course, other games are played, yet the above three appear to be the most common in the life of the Harvard student.

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EXCHANGES

From *Crest*,
Heights High School
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A Playlet

(The curtain opens to reveal a dark, rather poorly-furnished bedroom. The clock on the night table creeps slowly past two a.m. Barely visible in the shadows is the recumbent form of George Purdee, retired milkman, sleeping peacefully.)

A Voice: George! Wake up, George!

George: Zzzt . . . huh? Whoiszzit?

Voice: It's God, George. Don't be afraid. I've just come to—

George: God!! You must be kidding. Where are you? It's too damn dark . . . (He gropes for the light switch.)

Voice: You can't see me because I'm invisible . . . Anyway, I just wanted to tell you—

George: God! I still don't believe it. I must be dreaming. That's it! I'm still asleep.

Voice: Come on, George. Will you shut up and listen to me? I can't stay long.

George: Yeah, I know. You're a busy man . . . Hey! That's a joke! Do you get it? See, I said, "You're a busy man," and you're not even a—

Voice: Yes, yes, I understand. Listen, George, I came to invite you to a party this Tuesday night. Can you come?

George: Tuesday? Let's see . . . Yeah, I guess I can make it. You know, unless something else comes up.

Voice: Good. Then, I'll see you about seven-thirty . . .

George: Wait! Where's this party at? How do I get there?

Voice: Don't worry. Everything is arranged. There'll be someone by to pick you up. And . . . oh, yes! I nearly forgot. We'll be serving ice cream at the party. Do you want chocolate or vanilla?

George: Umm . . . vanilla, I suppose. No, wait, I like chocolate a *little bit* better.

Voice: Hurry up and decide, George. I have to leave.

George: I'm trying, I'm trying . . . Chocolate or vanilla? Say, you wouldn't have strawberry by any chance, would you?

Voice: No . . . George, I'm giving you ten seconds to make up your mind. One . . .

George: I can't decide! Couldn't I have both? Well, then vanilla, I suppose . . . no, wait! Chocolate . . .

Voice: Five . . .

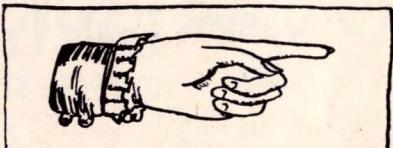
George: But sometimes I just don't *feel* like chocolate ice cream. How do I know what I'll want on Tuesday? It's only Saturday . . .

Voice: Ten. Time's up. Sorry, George, I'm going to have to withdraw my invitation . . . I hope your next host is more—uh—patient. Goodbye, George. (Exits)

George: NO! Come back! Tuesday . . . oh, my God! Please, please, you've got to let me come. I'll eat anything you want me to! Oh, God . . . Tuesday! Vanilla, vanilla, vanilla!

(curtain)

By Barbara Harris



Boredom

One of the wonders of nature is the conception and birth of Boredom. This miracle of reproduction can take place anywhere. At any time. Nevertheless, it strongly favors sparsely populated lecture halls during such stimulating dissertations as "Three Hundred and Three Ways to Get Out of the Australian King-Pawn-Knight Gambit in a Chess Game."

Conceived by the union of disinterest and inactivity and seasoned with a pinch of listlessness, the future Boredom begins as a vague discontent. No larger than your fingernail. The gestation period varies. From five to fifteen minutes. During this time, the embryo ferments into a thick, heavy fog. Or stupor. Within a half-hour, Boredom has reached adulthood. It can be recognized by its glassy eyes, convulsive restlessness, fingers in its ears, and fidgety fits. Often it is surrounded by heaps of paper dolls. Or

paper airplanes. Depending on its gender.

Full grown Boredom thrives on long-winded, tiresome discussions. It enjoys dropping in on unexpected relatives. It is also found standing in front of you in seemingly endless ticket lines.

Boredom is vulnerable to a multitude of diseases. A bad case of fresh air weakens it considerably. Occasionally it has attacks of good humor and laughter from which it has been known to recover. Once, in 1958, an epidemic of short, interesting, illustrated lectures swept through Oriole, Oregon. It killed 196 bordoms and maimed 70 others.

A related species, the Bored Stiff, is distinguished from common Boredom by the presence of snoring. The anguish and red colored Bored Stiff is not to be confused with the less well-known Room and Board.

By Mike Katz

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A prodigal son returned from an extended trip abroad to learn his father had passed away.

"Why didn't you send me a letter telling me father was ill?" he demanded of his sister.

"Why?" she questioned, "It wasn't my turn to write."

It was the patient's first day on a special diet and he was not particularly pleased. The nurse fed him one teaspoonful of instant pudding, a thimbleful of tea, and a protein cracker measuring a quarter-inch square. "Is that all I get?" he protested.

"That's all," the nurse replied. "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Yes," said the man. "Bring me a postage stamp, I'd like to read."



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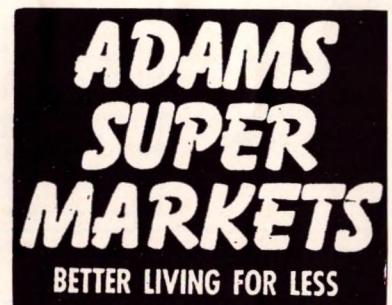
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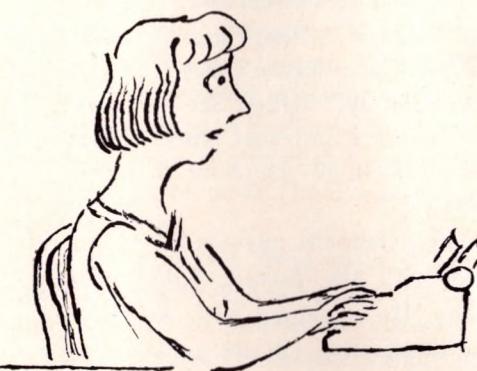


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cards and hand them out.
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week.



... who write the marks into
registers and send the computer
cards down to the office.



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The wonders of modern
technology!



A
MAN
AT
TEN

By Brenna Louzin, '68

OUTSIDE THE RAIN beat down in grey streaks. Its glass barrier was open halfway, and Mortimer's rough tan hand wriggled in the cool wetness. He sat there dreaming in a world that belonged only to ten-year old boys. There was a silent crash as his Mama entered the gas-lit room. She began to wave her fleshy forefinger in a way that was very familiar.

"Honestly, Mortimer, I don't know what I'm going to do with you. Sitting alone all day by the window instead of play'n stick-ball with duh other boys. You're just like Mrs. Stein was telling me. Un-un-un . . ."

"Unusual?" he rejoined.

"Yeh, and another t'ing, the rabbi told me that you haven't been to Hebrew School lately," sighed Mrs. Schwartz in a manner of maternal reprimand. Then she shuffled off, clucking to herself in Yiddish.

The defendant answered not and fiddled with the frayed, faded window-shade. He remained with chin in palms and supporting elbows on bony knees; watching and waiting for something. On his street in the city ghetto the landscape was soft with garbage, rampant and glaring with an array of filth and cheap billboards whose paste was long gone. And they'd never held any message for anybody anyway. Everything seemed shredded and grotesque. The sidewalks were spindly and grey just like Alfie Norton, a boy who sat in front of Mortimer in public school. Next to him Mortimer felt proud, and would stretch to his full height of four feet six inches, then slick back his thick raven hair with the comb he'd received for his birthday. However,

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this was the sole exhibition of Mortimer's self-esteem. For his few years he was able to sit alone, perfectly still, pondering his future, degrading his present, and slandering his sketchy past. In a word, he was a romantic. Mr. Mortimer Schwartz, aged ten, was also a cynic.

The precipitation ended just as the hands of the plastic dime-store clock pointed to the hour of four. Although the rain had produced a pungent stench from the littered streets, rail-like Mortimer chose to flee his tenement trap. Perhaps he'd find adventure, but not manhood. That only arrived when one became thirteen years old.

Mama in her loud flower-print dress and ankle-length apron, and black oxfords was busily preparing the evening meal. Her massive bosom practically brushed the pot as she skimmed the soup. Deep in an abyss of domestic duties, she failed to hear the back-door slam or Mortimer barrel down the five flights of wooden stairs.

Outside and free from prying questions! The green-eyed lad galloped down Jones Street and around the corner to Welsh Boulevard. He halted. A singsong of orders forbidding entrance to this danger zone filled his brain. Even his brother Benny and sister Gertie, who were in high school, were "advised" against passing through unnecessarily. To their parents this represented a den of iniquity with its pornographic movie theaters, "spider-like" pool halls, and one other element. This could not be perceived by the naked eye of any man, for it is only tortured who see their torturers. In this case it was prejudice. Many of Mortimer's cheder (Hebrew-school) buddies had been badly beaten up for simply strolling down this boulevard. He knew numerous painful stories about the derelicts, imbeciles, and " provincials" who

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loathed Jews because they were *different* in religion, in speech, in heritage. Only the Negro rated with them. And even he abhorred his brother in misery. There was nothing to be done except patiently wait or isolate oneself into a minority ghetto. For Mortimer it was almost too much to bear. He loved his faith and its customs, but he also worshipped the meaning of America. And so, little Schwartz walked on.

On past the ten-cents-a-dance hall. On past the rows of established white America. It was not all sinfully ugly, for in going farther, the area improved physically, but sank even lower in amoral ooze. Mortimer had never heard of *this* section with its fine ivory-columned dwellings. The air around him was electric. He felt millions of great blue eyes staring at him.

"Whatcha doin' here, Jew-boy?" hissed one blonde-haired viper about his age.

Mortimer only looked darkly at him. His heart was pounding so, that he clutched his Star of David that hung on a thin gold chain around his neck, for fear of it jumping out of his plaid flannel shirt.

"Hey, hook nose!" called a brown-braided girl from behind a hedge.

And then the fateful word "Kike" stung Mortimer. His tolerance was at an ebb, but "perhaps he could run fast enough," he thought. There was no way out except for the wrath which boiled the blood now rushing to cheeks from his little heart.

"Who said that?" he tried to bellow but ended up screeching. "Who, ya lousy . . . ?"

A lanky well-dressed boy of about the same age shot back, "Me, ya wanna make somethin' of it, ya dirty no good . . . !"

Mortimer thrust out his chest and answered with a very whispery, "Yes".

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He had never fought for a cause dear to him. It had usually been only a passing brawl of the grammar school variety which attracted him. Even there he was merely a spectator. But then, there was no attraction here. There was only need—a desperate need for recognition and rights as a human being.

As the battle ensued, all that could be seen were flying limbs and words. It looked as if the innocent intruder would never walk again. Harder and deeper drove the opponent's knotty fists into the cardboard sides of Mortimer.

"Whee-e-e-e!" sounded a police whistle. The smart-alecky braided girl had called an authority to the scene. Mortimer rolled into the puddled gutter as his assailant tried to limp away; however, the man in blue was too quick for him. No words needed to be said. Mortimer's gold Star of David which lay crumpled in a crack in the sidewalk spoke for the situation.

Valiantly, Mortimer grabbed his injured article, and his face a mass of blood, ran blindly in the direction of his home. Past the "good society neighborhood". Past the glaring capitalism. Past the hate and bigotry . . . for a while at least. And before he entered his home, five-g on Jones Street, he went into a public washroom to cleanse his wounds. It burned but he smiled and stumbled home through the gathering grey dusk. Mortimer Schwartz didn't know what he'd tell his mother, but he wasn't worried.

He knew that somehow, now, he was a man, even if he was only ten! And as he slipped back unnoticed by the busy family, he called his own, the odor of food kissed his crooked nose.

"Hey, Ma, what's for dinner?" he roared as he entered the kitchen.

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MARTIN LUTHER KING

By Carl Greenberg, '69

IN THE United States, it was, and still can be, a curse to be born with dark skin. In the past, this terrible wrongness was realized only by those suffering because of this inheritance and a relatively small number of perceptive whites.

However, in the last several years, largely through the efforts of Martin Luther King, this extremely serious problem has been brought into the open and can no longer be ignored. By his ceaseless work towards obtaining the rights so long kept from Negroes, King helped to bring about this much more widely spread awareness of the injustices directed at Negroes. He did a great service for the Negro by his influence in getting more and more civil rights legislation passed. Now the law backed the Negroes in their fight for equality.

He did an even greater service for the country, because it was only after these laws were passed that the rest of the country could see how badly they were needed. Integration had to be done by force in many instances, certain elections, usually predictable, became uncertain in areas where more and more Negroes were allowed to vote for the first time, and the question of whether a man was refused a job because of race or a lack of ability had to be truthfully answered.

In this way he forced the country to see the threat to national unity posed by long suppressed hostilities of both Negro and white.

Without Martin Luther King's leader-

ship, the struggle becomes a little harder, but because of his effort we can see the problem and we can carry on in his spirit of peace to make his dream of equality for all in a unified America our dream and in the end, make it an accomplishment.



The Death of a King

Shot in the head
And now dead,
Is a King who really tried,
To talk to the whites
To get equal rights
And doing this he died.

He was a man
Who had a plan
And carried it to the end.
His people needed him
My people heeded him
He was more than just a friend.

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Because he was brown
People put him down.
Hatred was all he got.
He just wanted peace
He asked it with "Please"
And for this . . . King was shot

"He may be dead,"
Some people said,
But his name will always be.
The black still fight
For what is right.
Why can't the white man see?

"Martin Luther King"
Now the Negroes sing.
Here is where the danger did start,
The youth can't keep quiet
For King's death they riot.
His name lives in every heart.

By Judy A. Collins, '69

Songs and Games

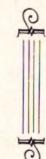
War
the omnivorous accordion
plays tunes of terror
and fascination
and squeezes time and
life
into their pleated graves
Lifetimes of dying
in a single day . . .

War
deadly Monopoly
the pretty silver
roulette ball
is growing swelling
and now exploding
DEVOURING
US
ALL
is the festering gash
in the brain . . .

By Jane Salata, '68

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LANGUAGES

Deutsche Scramble

By Susan Termohlen, '68

Unscramble the following letters to make good, sensible German words. (Hint No. 1—All words are nouns; Hint No. 2—The first letters of all the unscrambled words spell the German word for "summer time".)

- 1) nnnnssttmiziageagoagaaachprgg
- 2) kleon
- 3) ttrume
- 4) chmitwto
- 5) weersahen
- 6) seeri
- 7) gunze
- 8) ureennngi
- 9) kensit
- 10) zeenuigagtt

Answers: 1) Sonntagnachmittagspazier-

gang
2) Onkel
3) Mutter
4) Mittwoch
5) Erwachsen
6) Reise
7) Zunge
8) Erinnerung
9) Insekt
10) Tageszeitung

un jeu d'enfant

le bebe mache
son joujou
la petite fille
habille sa poupee
le petit gars fait
une partie de billes
tous les enfants
jouent au cache-cache

dans tres peu de temps
leurs jeux seront la
politique et les affaires
les garcons et les filles
quitteront leurs escarpolettes
pour jouer a la guerre
et ils se demanderont si
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by judy quillard, '68

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